

February 2019



Dear Family and Friends,

“Then the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah: ‘I am the Lord the God of all mankind. Is anything too hard for Me?’”

Jeremiah 32:26-27

“She wants to leave.” In an instant my heart sank. I had a few seconds to think about how to respond. I felt like we had made the right decision allowing her to stay one more year and finish her ninth grade year before she would have to leave our home and school to start working full-time and begin night school.

I remembered how difficult it had been to get her to agree to stay at Casa De Mi Padre for another year. She wanted to move back with her mother to help her. We didn't feel like it would be a good situation but because she was 18 years old, I would have to respect her decision. As the time drew closer she reluctantly decided to stay with us for another year. I had explained to her that the rules of the house would not change. She would have a few extra privileges but she would still be expected to participate in the activities of our home. She agreed.

Things went well for the first month and a half. Then she did something she knew we would rather she didn't. It wasn't super serious but was defiantly the wrong direction for her life. Because she is now a young adult she has to be dealt with differently than the other children in our home. She knew I was not happy with her actions. But I had not said anything to her as of yet. I was going to wait a day or two.

I was away for two days driving some American friends to the capital when I received a call from Cole, our administrative assistant, that our oldest girl wanted to leave our home and go live with her mother. This made me sad. I would not be there to speak with her or even say goodbye. We have invested a lot of time, love, and care over the past six years she has lived with us. Even though it was tough I said, “Well, pack her up.” Cole tried to reason with her but she left anyhow. That night I didn't sleep well.

The next morning I busied myself with some computer work I had brought with me. We are beginning a new season of Bible Quizzing and have partnered with our school and another ministry in another town close to us. We have formed four large quiz teams and as of right now we have over 45 young people participating. It excites me to see so many kids involved including our own learning God's Word. It is our heart's desire to use every tool available to disciple our kids in the Word of God. Bible Quizzing is a great way to accomplish this.

Lately it has also been fun to see several of our children become more involved in our church by practicing with the worship team on Friday nights--another great discipleship opportunity for our kids. Lucrecia (11), Reyna (10), and Yaser David (10) love singing with the team during “Big Church.” I pray their desire to serve in this way continues all their lives.

Several of our kids are learning to play instruments. Our “Wild Child,” Jeshua, is learning to play drums with the worship team. David and Ruben are learning the trumpet, Antonio is working on playing the piano, and Geovany has taken up the guitar. We have a trumpet teacher who comes once a week to help the boys and Sarah McCawley, Cole's wife, is working with Antonio to teach him piano. These are wonderful God-given talents our children will use all their lives to serve the Lord.

While we have much to praise God for, we also have a few whose hearts are not as open toward the things of God. This deeply burdens my heart. They are at a tough age. But it is ultimately their decision. We fervently pray for them and try to lead them by word and example. But sometimes with teenagers you just have to help them “get through the funk.” Please pray for several of our older boys that the Lord would soften their hearts and draw them to himself.

While I was still in Antigua hosting the ladies, our final morning came before they were to depart. I decided to finish my devotion up on the roof where we were staying. I was praying and thinking about what had happened with our oldest girl a day or so before, wondering what I could have done differently or if there was any hope at all that the Lord could change the situation. But it looked pretty final. Then my phone rang. It was pretty early in the morning to receive a call but I looked and it was Cole. I answered. Cole began to tell me the story of what had transpired the night before. Our oldest girl had left Casa De Mi Padre (My Father's House) Saturday afternoon to live in a house with her mother, stepfather, sister, and the sister's boyfriend. At around midnight our oldest girl woke up to the sound of someone pounding on the front door of their adobe, tin-sided house. Whoever it was, was really banging hard on the door. Immediately she felt afraid.



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After a moment the girls heard their mother and stepfather fighting. When they came out of the room they saw their stepfather hitting their mother. He was drunk. The girls tried to stop him and he turned on them. Together they were able to push him back and he retreated to another part of the house. Our oldest girl told her sister she was not going to stay in this situation. She decided to leave and go spend the rest of the night at another house with her other sister and her boyfriend. When she got there she explained what had happened at her mother's and then tried to get some sleep. Around 1:45 p.m. her sister's boyfriend came home and he was looking for a fight. As our oldest girl was listening to the argument, she began thinking about her decision to leave Casa De Mi Padre.

The next afternoon, Cole had arrived at Sunday service with all our kids. In a few minutes Cole saw our oldest girl walk in. He immediately went to her and asked how things were. She said, "More or less." He asked if she wanted to talk, and she said "Yes." They went and sat down in the bus and she began to cry. The next words out of her mouth were, "They lied to me." Her family had been telling her they had changed and were going to church. But none of it was true. Broken and weeping, she shared what had happened the night before. She admitted to the physical and emotional abuse her mother and sisters were subjected to while living with their stepfather and boyfriends. She said, "I can't live like this. There was no hope, no love, and no discipline there. Everyone does whatever they want. They are trapped and they cannot see it. I can't live like that." Cole told her she needed to come back home to Casa De Mi Padre. She asked, "Can I?" He said, "Well yes! No one had asked you to leave. We just need you to do what we are asking which is right and reasonable." She said, "I understand."

That morning standing on the rooftop finishing my devotion, Cole shared this story with me over the phone and said she had come home a different young woman. I was elated. I started shouting and praising the Lord, literally from the rooftop. She is now home with us under the care and protection of Casa De Mi Padre. I am so glad Cole was there to minister to her. The Lord took an impossible situation and once again proved "Nothing is too hard for him."

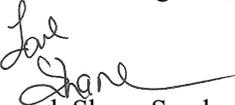
Other News: Construction Update: We are still working on the shop, garage, and storage building. The electricity is going in, and we are waiting on the garage doors to be built. We have also started laying brick that will be our interior driveway. It is going slow but sure. Donations for the project have been low which makes things difficult. But, we are praying and trusting the Lord to touch the hearts of many to help us keep moving forward. Please, pray for this urgent need.

New Mattress Update: Praise the Lord we have funds to purchase 5 mattresses for our children! We will replace the worst ones first. Each mattress is \$225 (with a 10 year guarantee) and we need a total of 22. If you would like to help meet this need please put "Bed" on your gift.

Shane's Personal Mission Support Update: Because so many of my faithful supporters have gone to be with the Lord, my personal support has decreased. To keep me on the field serving, I have set a goal to raise \$2,500 to replace what is needed. Please join with me in prayer about this. I would love to meet with you or someone you know to share this need. Send me an email and we can set date to get together: crshane2010@gmail.com.

Thanks to all those who faithfully bless the ministry with your faithful giving and prayers. In all these things I have to remember nothing is too hard for the Lord.

In His unfailing love,


Joseph Shane Sanderson

*I love the question,
"Is anything too hard for me?"
It begs for a resounding
NO!*